

# The Letters of Si Whiffletree-Freshman

Edited by FRANK D. GENEST



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*The Letters of  
Si Whiffletree—Freshman*

EDITED BY  
FRANK D. GENEST

WITH A PREFACE BY  
STEPHEN LEACOCK

AND

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLACK-AND-WHITE BY  
G. E. TREMBLE

MONTREAL

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By FRANK D. GENEST



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

*It was only after considerable urging that Mr. Whiffletree consented to have his letters published. He took the stand that his correspondence would not interest any body outside his immediate family. However, pressure was brought to bear on the distinguished student and he was made to see that a permanent record of his experience as a first year man at a big university would be of inestimable value to future generations of freshmen.*



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# *Preface*

The news that Mr. Si Whiffletree has been prevailed upon to publish his correspondence with his father will be received at McGill University with universal approval. I have known Mr. Whiffletree for more than a year, in fact ever since the day when he first took up his residence in the institution which he designates Strathcona's Hall. Few people, indeed, ever forget Mr. Whiffletree after once seeing him. There is something in the peculiar contour of the low bowler hat which he wears, something in the wide sweep of the ear below and something in the masterly retreat of the forehead beneath the hat, that marks Mr. Whiffletree as no ordinary person. Nor is this effect lessened by the gingerbread suit that is his habitual costume or by the bright red tie that indicates his approach from afar. In short, those who have seen Mr. Whiffletree have no difficulty in recognizing him again. And for many of us who once came from the Canadian countryside to a Canadian college, the mere sight of him calls up the most poignant recollections of what we must once have been.

Mr. Whiffletree had not been long among us before he began to give every evidence of an original and penetrating mind. He examined our institution

with a detached eye. He brought to bear upon us that "innocence of vision" which is at once the dream and the despair of the artist. He photographed us on the film of his intelligence, and the result is here before us in this book.

As all the world knows, Si Whiffletree recorded his observations on McGill University in a series of letters to his father. The publication of these letters in the McGill Daily is an event still fresh in our remembrance. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that these letters will at once take their place in the history of literature. Mr. Whiffletree himself tells me that he estimates them as on a par with those of Lord Chesterton and Mary de Sévigné. But, through the kindness of Mr. Frank Genest, the reader of this volume will have an opportunity to judge of the justice of their claim to eminence.

One word perhaps, may be added in order to dispel all misapprehension as to the personality of Mr. Silas Whiffletree. A ridiculous rumour has gained currency in our college that the letters are the work of Mr. Frank Genest, himself, and that the so-called editorship is a mere literary fiction. I am authorized by Mr. Whiffletree to give the lie to this outrageous fabrication. The language that he used in this connection was marked by all the virulence of the injured vanity of an author and cannot here be reproduced. But I may add to it my own personal assurance that far

from Mr. Whiffletree being a non-existent person, I have, during my thirty years of college life known not one, but at least a hundred of him.

May I add this further word. My lengthening experience of university work makes me realize more and more that the best parts of a university training and of university life are the by-products of it. The narrow discipline of the class must be supplemented by wider influences. If our students are to acquire the breadth and culture that are to mark them,—to use an old phrase,—as “scholars and gentlemen” many things must be added to the teaching of the text book and the diagrams of the blackboard. “Si Whiffletree” represents to me the kind of “by-product” to which I refer. I should not wish to stand godfather to all of his opinions. I should not care to endorse the whole gamut of his judgments. But I do most heartily welcome the literary aspiration and the literary achievement which Mr. Whiffletree represents.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.





# *The Letters of Si Whiffletree—Freshman*

Strathcona's Hall.  
The McGill,

Dear Pa,

Well Pa, here I am at larst, a real live stoodent at the McGill University College and away to a hefty start on my career as a Advocate, Barrister and Solicitor. I ain't got my bearin's yet though and am balled up some—ha! ha! pretty good, eh Pa! ball bearin's, see! Even at that, givin' credit where same is doo, my fellow stoodents, one or all of them's dum decent when it's a case of replyin' back to my and quiries—I'll say she does! By crickey, Pa, I sure am gettin' the heft of things up here as you'll perceive by this larst line of gab. It's one of the latest. For incense, let's spose a bird come up to you and yaps: "Say obnoxious, if anybody asts you, McGill has a great football team this year!"

You answer right back at him: "I'll say she does!" See what I mean Pa? Another of the latest funny

sayin's is—"Now wouldn't that get your ghost!" I heard a dodo sayin' it t'other night in Strathcona's Hall and I laughed so dum hard, I near bust! You should oughta spring it on the boys up to Hank Day's store next Saturday night. Then there's "23 Skidoo" which a stoodent told me was used a lot, but I ain't heard it much so far. Guess it ain't been passed from mouth by mouth yet.

Gosh all fish-hooks Pa, I have so much to get offen my manly chest that I don't know jest where to begin by way of commencement. As Buck Benson, my room-mater says, "It's a great life if you're in with these here Anti-Food profiteers." This kind of puts me in mind to tell you how I met up with Buck. I was warmin' a expensive and refined chair in Strathcona's Hall one night feelin' kind of lonesome for you and the folks up home when a dodo come along and hollers: "Hey, Rube, are you wired up for to-night?—if not, trot right along with little Buck. He's headin' for the bright lights!" This didn't have much of a repeal to me in my low frane of mind. 'Stead of this, I asted him did he want to stagger over to the Royal Victorian College, which is the female part of the McGill, for to meet Maisie Sims and Maria Day, whom as you know are likewise studyin' up here.

"Boy," he says, "I'm your little man. If these flossies have got the merchandise, lead me to 'em



"Hello Cutie! Who tied your tie?"

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and I'll give you a highly embossed guarantee they'll be feedin' out of my pale, but artistic hand in five minutes!"

It strikes me Pa, that Buck uses too dum much of this new fangled slang language. In course, I don't mind a expression with some sense to it like—"I'll tell the whirl" or "23 Skidoo" or the like. Still or all, he's a good lad. When it comes to friendship, me and Buck's got this Dan and Pithus lookin' like thirty cents what's been put through the 3rd degree which is a kind of razoo they give you down to the Court House. If it wasn't for Buck, I'd know as much about college goin's on as a Eskimo does 'bout buildin' castles in the sand.

Anyways, to revert back, I put on my full dressed suit clothes and we trickled over to the Royal Victorian College aforesaid. I introdooed Buck to the girls and he seemed as pleased as punts. As he told me arterwards, Maisie has this movie play actress, Helen of Troy, lookin' like a washed strawberry. At that, I swan she's no strain on the peepers, but you know as well what I do Pa, that little Si don't take no stock, common or preferred, (pretty good, eh Pa!) in hangin' round the skirts. Arter all, as Kipling the great Russian painter says: "A woman's only a woman, but a good 5 cent cigar can't be beat." Ain't it the truth, Pa!



Jest as your corresponder was comin' outen the Royal Victorian College, one of these here co-college freshettes passin' down the hall, says to me: "Hello Cutie, who tied your tie!"

Buck laughed so dum hard I thought he'd bust, but I couldn't preceive anythin' funny in it 'cause the tie I was wearin' was already tied when the haberdashin' clerk sold it to me. Mebbe this daughter of Evenin' was kiddin' me as the sayin' is. Some of these female petticoats is too dum new—don't you think so Pa! Holy Mackeral, if she'd been a man, I'd of bust her one on the jawr quicker'n it takes to takes to say "horned toad."

Before flashin' on the good night slide, I want to tell you 'bout the McGill Union which Buck kindly explained to me. It appears that if you want to join the Union, you gotta come acrost with 100 pieces of mopus every year. But the big advantageous is that you only work union hours at your lectures. For incense, if a stoodent don't belong to the Union, he has to attend 12 lectures per each day. On the other hands, the Union stoodent would only have to attend 3 and a half lectures per each day—see Pa! Another advantageous is that if you get sick with the misery, or the rheumatiz or the like, the Head Professor of the Union writes all your exams for you—pretty good, eh Pa!—I'll say she does! This here

Head Perfessor must have all fired clever brains to write the sick stoodents' exams, eh Pa!

Well Pa, seein' as how I ain't got no chores to-night, I guess I'll hit my little downy.

Fond regards and affectionate embraces to Ma and the girls.

Your son-in-law,  
(Sort of playin' on the words—see),  
Si.

P.S. My old wallet's far from bein' in the healthy condition it was when I first come up to college.

## The McGill Study Works.

Dear Pa,

Well, Pa, I reckon I should of wrote sooner, but gosh all hemlock, things seem to happen here jest like Brown's cows, one arter the other! Par example (this here's french lingo like what they learn over to the Faculty of Art—you want to spring it on the boys up to Hank Day's store next Saturday night) par example, to-night, there's a meetin' of the Roofers' Club here in the Hall. It appears they call it the Roofers' Club on account they raise the roof—pretty good, eh Pa!

Anyways, the lads sing all sorts of songs and college calls and have more fun than the folks do at the Methodist Church Box Social up to home.

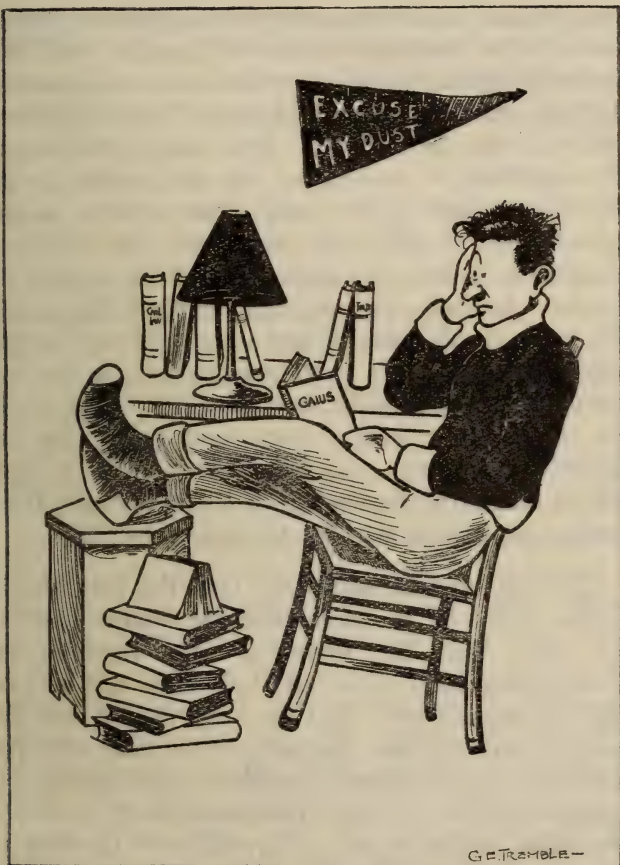
Buck give me the main college call which starts off sumpin' like this here—"Is there anythin' particularly the matter with dear old McGill University College? Oh, no, you can safely make a bettin' wager on that—hurrah for dear old McGill University College!" Great swing to it, ain't there Pa.

Listen Pa, is Hank Jones still hankerin' to be a boxer? If he is, put him hep that I said to take this

here Luxated Silver and lots of it. This here's the reason. I was strollin' 'long St. Catherine street t'other night and I seen a big sign which same read—"Jack Dempsey takes Luxated Silver and look what he done to Willard!" This is most probable Greece to you Pa, but in extenuation, I will explain it to you lucid. You see, Dempsey is the dodo what give big Jeff Willard the razoo down in the U.S. states a ways back, catch-as-catch-can rules, and it appears that he couldn't of done it if he hadn't of took lots of this here Luxated Silver I was tellin' you 'bout. I think I should oughta tell mister Shaughnessy, the McGill football coachman 'bout this patented physic. If he dosed up the hull team collective, say three times a day regler arter meals, they oughta be able to go through Hades with ease and consummation, as the sayin' is. The stoodents call mister Shaughnessy, "Shag" on account I guess, he smokes so much of this French-Canadian tobacco. In course, his real name ain't Shag at all. It's Shaughnessy. They jest call him that for fun like—the same, so to say, as they'd call a shovel a spade, givin' it a nicked name.

Say Pa, some of the stoodents up here's too dum new. You try to do 'em a good turn and they give you the merry ha! ha! Par example, when I first come to college, I was wised up that every freshman what had the necessary "ce voire fair" (French) ought to





"It's 'bout time your little correspondent was nosin' into the dustry legal tomes."

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pay proper respectfulness to the soapamores, which same is the stoodents of the 4th grade. Well Sir, so far and good, 'cause every time I seen a soapamore, I'd take off my "Made in London" regler. But no more of this for little Si! This here's the reason. A ways back, I was oozin' up the avenoo to the Faculty of Art. Jest ahead of me walks a soapamore totin' a load of books. Seein' the which, I catches up to him and polite like, offers to carry his books. And what do you think the big stiff give me? He turns to his sidekick and yells: "Bring out the insect powder, here's another bug—back to the tall timbers and the huskin' bee, Hiram!" Drat it all, Pa, I was that mad, I felt like handin' him the Whiffletree Wallop. So help me, sufferin' catfish, I'll be everlastin' hornswoggled if I leave any of these pesky soapamores give me the merry ha! ha!

Do you mind me tellin' you 'bout this here McGill Union where all the sick stoodents' exams is wrote for 'em? Well, Sir, there's a eatin' room in the Union where meals is served at all hours and no puzzlin' questions asted. But the worst of it is that this eatin' room's for men stoodents of the male sex only, which is a dum shame if anybody and quires. It appears that the woman studesses wants to eat at the union, and there was a movement on the foot to leave 'em do it. But the Royal Victorian College perfessors sat down on the idear for all the whirl like

a ton of baled hay—pretty mean, don't you think so? I met one of the girls what wants to eat at the Union, recent, and by heck, Pa, if this flossie was there satisfyin' her inner man, I know positive I'd enjoy my chow (slang) a sight better. In point or fact, I wouldn't waste time eatin' at all. Drat it, Pa, some of the girls up here ain't so covered with dust arter all and I may tell you 'bout 'em subsequent.

Mebbe there ain't big goin's on over to the Faculty of Laws! There's goin' to be a football context right soon betwixt the new freshmen and the upper years. I'll be hornswoggled if they ain't got me down as Fallback for the freshmen—have you heard the beat of it! I asted one of the law stoodents to explain the game to me and here's what he give me. Seein' as how I'm one of the Fallbacks, I stand in the rear field and wait for the ball to dribble over the deadline. Soon's it dribbles over the deadline, I'm sposed to chase it, bring it back and set it right down among the goal-sticks or bars, as the case may be. When I've set down the ball, or leather pigskin, as it's sometimes called, I gotta holler out in senatorial tones: "Point for our side, point for our side!" Mind this, though Pa, if the Empire don't hear me holler, the point, or mark, don't count at all. I reckon I can holler with the best of 'em, eh Pa! Well, I swan!

Well, Pa, it's 'bout time your little corresponder

was nosin' into the dusty legal tomes. In my next letter, I'm goin' to tell you 'bout my trials and tribe relations down to the Court House.

Give my best to Ma and the girls

Over the river,  
Your lovin' son,  
Si.

P.S. The high expense of existin' up here do beat Bannihur. A little government parchment would be all to the wood alcohol, as the sayin' goes.

Strathcona's Hall,  
The Old McGill.

Dear Pa,

Consarn it all, Pa, I don't see why'n time you gotta go and get your dander up the way you done jest 'cause a coupla flossies from the Faculty of Art showed me a tenderness. Holy Mackerel, the way you lambasted me all over the lot and back again, you'd think I spoke to these here girls with a view to friendship in the 1st incense, followed by feelin's of a warmer nature. And at that, I sure does need all the kindness what's floatin' around promiscuous 'cause I'm just gettin' hep to the idear that more'n one yahoo's pullin' my foot, as they say. You mind me tellin' you 'bout one of the lads over to the Faculty of Laws explainin' the football rules to me. Well, Sir, I wont mention no names but this critter 'bout who I speak, explained the rules all wrong to me and I went and made a dum fool outen myself. Drat it all, this sort of thing makes me feel low in my mind and kind of small like. Some day, one of these here smart guys is goin' to get a dum good bust on the jawr, I'll renounce it from the house-tops! Never mind, Pa, it's a long lane what has no ash-barrel, and even a worm will reverse its position, as they say.

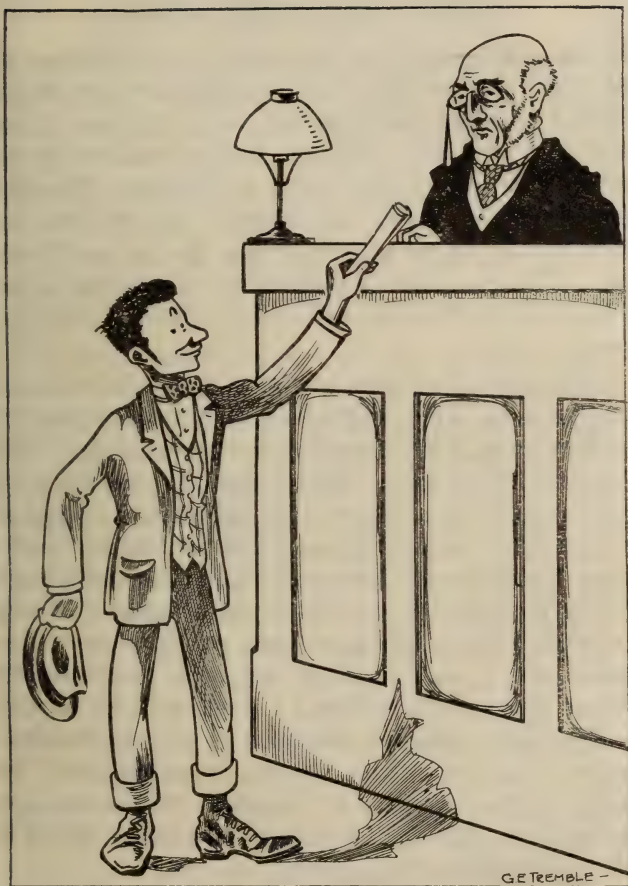


I may be a hayseed, but "A man's a man's man and all 'o that"—Thomas Burns—ain't it the truth, Pa?

At the present moment of time there's peace or quiet in our dugout. My roomie, old Buck Benson's right busy preparin' his notes and everythin' for the comin' debase betwixt the Faculties of Art and Laws. I asted him what was the subject of the debase and he answered back in reply—"Revolved that you can't drink the Blue Ruin faster'n it's made." Buck has the affirmation and so help me fish-hooks, if experience counts for anythin', Buck should oughta have no trouble in givin' his exponents the razoo. Leave me tell you, Pa, Buck has so many brains, they keep him awake nights. Jest the same, I ain't feelin' any too balmy towards him and **this** here's the reason.

It appears that he **got** holt of one of my letters to you and went and **had** it printed in the McGill Daily Journal Newspaper. I was madder'n a he hornet what's been butted in on, but when I heard tell that over fifty Art studesses had to be carried outen the Art buildin' on account they had high sterics over some of my funny jokes, I toned down a few and decided then or there to let begones be begones. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis wise to be foolish occasional" as the sayin' goes. I guess this here Harold Lord had better look to his Lauras—ain't I right Pa!

Well Pa, I want to tell you sumpin' 'bout the Court



"Hello Judge! I'm Si Whiffletree of the Faculty  
of Laws.

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House which same 's a big buildin' on the Shawm de Merse. You see Pa, I'm a stoodent-at-laws in the firm of Ketchem and Fleecem, and if I do say it myself what shouldn't, little Si's kind of valuable to the firm. Everybody don't think so though. The dog-goned office boy said this mornin' that the firm has as much use for me as a Polar Bear has for a refrigerator. This may have a elementary of truth in it, but I handed the office boy such a bat on the lug I'll bet he's runnin' yet!

Anyways, I've gotta trot over to the Court House 8 or 9 times a day regler, fair or foul, and gosh all hickory nuts, I ain't got the heft of things yet. Par example (if you mind, this is French for showin' you a specimen of what I'm tryin' to tell you), par example, I had to file a writ in summons t'other day and I clean forgot how to perceed. Lucky for me though, I run into one of my fellow class-maters. I mis-remember this bird's name, but the lads say he can make court procedure call him papa in all the different tongues of Babble. I explained my trouble and he said to take the writ right up to Judge Snoodles in the Court of King's Bench. "Don't mind if the judge is shootin' the gab," he says, "but waltz right up to him. He likes stoodents what ain't afraid of their own shallow!"

Actin' on these instructions, I went into the room where Judge Snoodles was holdin' 4th. This room was

that crowded a canned sardine would have used his elbow to get breathin' space! I guess the crowd seen whom I was for there was a silent hush as I oozed my way up to the Judge. The old boy was puttin' on a little black cap which seemed kind of foolish as the room was hotter'n time as it was. Anyways, I tapped him on the arm and says, hale and hearty: "Hello judge, I'm Si Whiffletree of the Faculty of Laws, the McGill and . . ."

"Silence," hollers some canary, and quicker'n a flash of lightenin', I was yanked outen the room by the collar. Mebbe I wasn't sore, oh no! Arterwards I seen the lad what told me to take the writ into Judge Snoodles and he said I must have got into room 23 when he said 33. Anyways, I kind of cooled off and went down to the Aunt Kate Court office. The canary I wanted to see was on the speakin' phone as I come in. ("Hello," he was sayin' "who is dat? Who is dis? you say—well, I wont tell you who is dis unless you tell me who is dat!")

He rung off mad as a hazzard, and I asted him would he leave me give one of his record books the north and south, which is vaudeville for "can I have a look at it?" What do you think he answered back? He yells: "Go away, you crazy foolish. I cannot suffer wit dese persecutions. Eet is assez. All I want from you is silence and ver' leetle of dat. If you make me some more annoyance, I will pass my han' on your face sure t'ing!"

Believe it, Pa, I dum near bust this bird one on the jawr. If brains was water, he'd probable die of thirst.

Kind regards to Ma and the girls and remind me to old Dobbin.

Respectful,  
Si.

P.S. I got the ten spot last week O.K. but listen here Pa—ten iron men makes as much noise around the McGill as a Theological College Roofer's Club at a Chess Tournament.



Whiffletree's Dugout.  
(Pretty good, eh Pa!)

Dear Pa,

Arter the tough time I had down to the Court House, I'm now restin' on my Lauras, so to say. Consequent, I got a good opportune to line you a regular old timer. Buck Benson's jest arter goin' out. He seemed like he had the misery, so I asted him the reason and he replied back that he couldn't understand why they call them babies when they're past forty-three. In and addition to this, he told me he had reckoned on swotin' which is slang language for pluggin', for a exam in the Faculty of Medicines. But with this here worry 'bout them bein' called babies when they shouldn't oughta be, on his mind, he thought he'd go out and look for his friends John Collins and 3 Star Hennessy. It appears that up here at college, when a man's good at athletes, they call him a star. This dodo Hennessy's so good they call him a star 3 times. He must be a regler bear cat, eh Pa!

Here's sumpin' pretty interestin'! You probable heard tell of this here mister Shaughnessy, the great McGill football coachman. Well, Sir, I was flowin,

through the Union, which if you mind, is the sto-  
dents' meetin' club, when I seen mister Shaughnessy  
blockin' the isle. Without more adieu, I ambles up  
to him and says by way of a introductive beginnin':  
"Hello" mister Shaughnessy!"

He answered back in reply: "Greetings haystack,  
when did you get in—on the last load of huckle-  
berries?"

I seen he was joshin' me, so I says laconic: "I'm  
Si Whiffletree, mebbe you had a gawk at some of the  
funny jokes in my letters to Dad in the McGill Daily  
Journal newspaper."

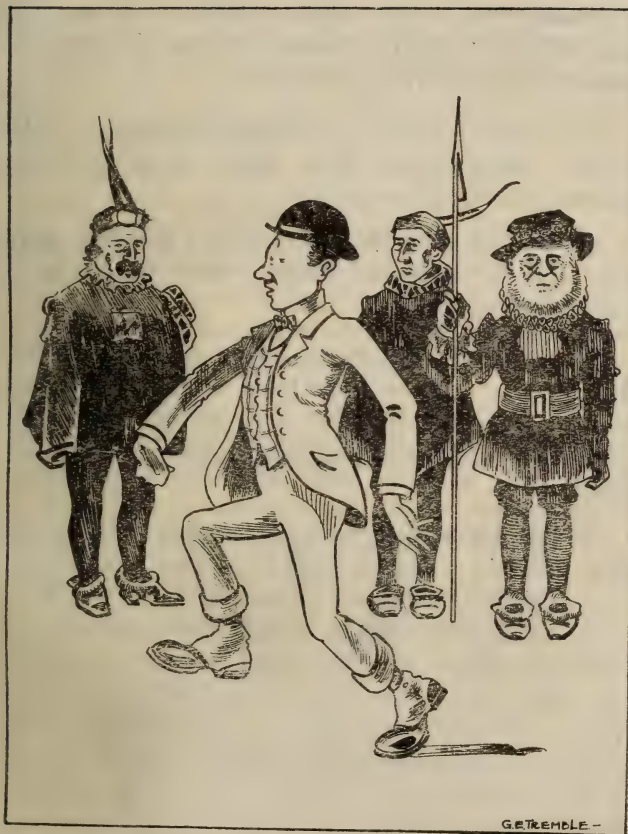
"Yes, I did," he replied back, shiftin' from one  
foot to the other. "They're about as funny as a  
gallows to a bird what's jest been talkin' to a judge  
with the black cap on!"

I didn't want that I should gab too much 'bout  
my own jokes, so I exclaimed, genial: "Looky  
here, mister Shaughnessy, I was up to the big football  
context recent!"

"Oh you was," he reneged. "Did your boss close  
down the morgue for the arternoon?"

I leave this pass, then I alleged by way of keepin'  
up the interest: "I was sittin up in the grandstand."

"Is that a true fact?" he asted in and quiry.  
"Who was the bird with you? I thought I lamped



"When a law student starts a wovin' he has 'em all lookin' like statutes in Madame Tussaud's Wash-Works!"

somebody else in the stand. Mebbe you was the rah rah boys with the leather-lined lungs what was givin' the McGill yell all the time!"

"Oh I don't know," I remarked enigmatic. "Still waters run deepest when many a canal boat's stalled," as the old sayin' is.

He had no comeback to this, so I told him good-bye, and he answered back: "Over the river Si, mind the crossin's."

Pretty decent of him to parley voo with me like this, eh Pa. I guess if he hadn't of been wised up that I was the bird what was writin' the funny letters to you in the paper he wouldn't of been so affable like.

Mebbe there wasn't fun nor nothin' over to the club initiation t'other night! I was madder'n a wasp with the toothache on account what they done to me 3 or 4 times, but in course, I can't tell you nor nobody 'bout it. Jest the same some of these here club boys near got a bust on the jawr, so help me pickled onions! You needn't of worried 'bout my buck and wing 'cause that was what I give them when they asted me could I dance. Even if I do say it myself what shouldn't, it made one of these here inkstand taneous hits.

Say Pa, mebbe little Si ain't good at reparty nor

nothin'—oh no, jest a little bit! D'ye mind me tellin' you 'bout a little bunch of fluff gettin' new with me over to the Royal Victorian College a ways back? Well, Sir, from what Buck Benson says, it appears that when a college petticoat tries to kid you, you've gotta kid them back good and plenty. Oncet they get a holt on you, you got as much chance of gettin' the best of them as a soap salesman tryin' to sell to the landlady of a Bolsheviker boardin' house! Par example, I was over the R.V.C. t'other night to a meetin'. As I was wabblin' down the hall, this same Venice come up to me and snickers: "Hello Cutie, who tied your tie?"

Quick as a flask, I replied back: "Well, you didn't anyways, smarty!" She shut right up! I tell you Pa, oncet you get the hang of it, it's as easy as fallin' off a lodge. But don't let them get a holt on you, or they'll give you the merry ha! ha!

Buck says if I keep it up and get a reputation 'round college for bein' a bird what's good at reparty, I'll have to carry a club to beat the girls offen me 'cause there's nothin' they cotton to more'n a lad what's good at reparty. I guess this here French movie actress Madame de Stael would have to hop a few if she met up with little Si. Will you say it for me Pa! Maybe it's the trainin' I get over to the Faculty of Laws. There's no use talkin' Pa, when a



law stoodent starts a movin', he has 'em all lookin' like statutes in Madame Tussaud's Wash Works!

Your lovin' son,

Si.

P.S. A lot of gab's floatin' 'round town 'bout every unmarried man what's still single bein' forced to come acrost with a bachelor's tax amountin' to 10 sheets net, or the City Authorities wants to know the reason why. It's a case of perdooce the rhino or get hitched! If you don't want you should see the prop of your old age strugglin' helpless in the bounds of matrimony, on your mark, Pa!

Same as previous.

Dear Pa,

Probable your heart will get all swole up with family pride when you hear tell I been appinted special football writer for the McGill Daily Journal Newspaper. I'm sposed to snoop 'round and get all the latest sportin' dope (slang language for news) from the players, Empires, so forth etc. If I sees a football player smokin' "Fatigue You" cigarettes, I know he's a man of affairs like the ad says, so I could go up to him and ast him does he wear Cyclone Garters. If he replies back in the affirmation, I could run sumpin' in my articles 'bout this prominent player insistin' on Cyclone Garters when his old ones was wore out. Then I could tell my readers 'bout him mopin' up the floor with the haberdashin' clerk when same offered him some other kind of garters in substitution. When this line of gab come out in print, mebbe I'd get some rhino from the Cyclone company what makes the garters of the same name—see what I mean Pa? Take it from your little offspring, there's all kinds of honest graft in this writin' game oncet you get the heft of it.

Speakin' of this here Inside Interfering rule we hear tell so much 'bout in the sportin' world, I sort

of thought I'd get the ins or outs of it. So I rambles up to the McGill Stadium playin' grounds and seen the head football coachman puttin' his bevy of retirin' young society buds through the hoops. He was handin' out so dum many compliments that the hull team collective was blushin' up like a burlesque queen on bein' asted what was her age by the Census man.

However, settin' my "Made in London" at a sporty angle so's to impress the rail-songster, which same was out in large numbers, I blew a little whistle so's to abstract the coachman's attention, and so help me Hiram if the hull team didn't come to a motionless stop! I guess they seen whom I was, so I edges out on the grilliron. Without more or do, I goes right up to the coachman what was lookin' 'bout as happy as a Eskimo upon receivin' a appointment as Head Stoker on the Muretany.

"Hello Sir," I says, pleasant like, "pretty cool for this kind of weather."

"Oh, it's you again, eh Ulcerated Tooth," he replies back in answer, "I thought you still had six months to serve!"

I seen at a glance he was tryin' to pull my foot, so I tells him: "I think I met you oncet before. I'm Si Whiffletree, of the Faculty of Laws, the McGill last seat, second row from the door."

"Oh yes," he hollers, "you're the dodo what edits the 'Who's Who and Which' column in the Morgue Gazette!"

At this my dander commenced to begin to get rambuncious, but I swallered it whole and says, soft and low: "I see where Toronto University's been settin' up a howl over your Inside Interfering. It strikes me you're throwin' your weight 'round too much. The bird what thinks he's the whole McLarens don't necessarily cop the Sultana!"

"Well Whiffletree, old hole in the fence," he replies back with a ugly sneer, "all I can say is, the lesser the fewer."

"Mebbe it is," I reneged, givin' him as good as he give me, "but if brains was clothes, folks would take you for the President of the Back to Nature Society."

With this shy dig, I explains my improvement on his old "Hide the Ball" trick. "With a whole house and lot like Chess Notman on your team, you shouldn't outhta be satisfied with only hidin' a little leather ball," I explains to him in explanation. He seen the idear of my remark and unselfish, he gives me charge of his athletics and I put them through their traces, showin' them my famous "Hide the Team" sleight of hand trick play.

You see Pa, I ain't in no position to tell you precise how this here play's pulled off on account you might mention it casual to Eb Andrews. Then when Bill Andrews come home from Toronto Varsity for the week's end or sumpin', Eb would tell Bill 'bout the ins or outs of the trick play, and then the McGill team would be up Quicksand Creek with no sail and a broken paddle—see what I mean? In course, I don't say you'd let the cap outen the bag a purpose. If I know anythin' at all 'bout Eb Andrews, though, he'd get this information outen you if it took 4 glasses of his best cider and a coupla chaws of Navy Cut to do it.

If on the other hands, you come up to the city on the Milkcan Special, for to see the first game, keep your ears pinned back. When you hear the single, "Whiffle, Whiffle, 1, 2, 3—3, 2, 1, and sudden like, you sees the hull McGill aggravation vanishin' from the grilliron, and the opposin' team, thinkin' it's half past time, starts for the clubhouse, you'll know instanter my famous play's been pulled off; for jest as soon as the other outfit turns their back, the McGillers run out from behind Chess Notman and crosses the exponents' line with ease and consummation. Clever! "It's all over me, Ethel!" as they say over to the U. S. states.

If you can stand it, I'll tell you 'bout the other trick which I invented the idear of special for my



college team. This is the Wallace-Notman-taxi-cab trick which is worked like this here. Bein' observant by birth and inclination, I seen that 2 pockets was parked at the south end of Notman's pants. So I trained Wallace, which is the tricky little quarter half of the McGillers, to put the ball in one pocket and jump in the other hisself. While the other team's tryin' to find said ball, Notman wobbles over innocent like to have a friendly chat with his friend the gool Empire, which same's standin' behind the lines. Then Wallace jumps out, gets the leather and makes a touch score—pretty smooth, eh Pa!

When the hull team collective seen the devlish ingenooity of this rouge, they commenced to give me verbal congratulations in words and I ceased the opportune to walk off the grilliron.

Bein' in the public eye as a football writin' expert natural enough, folks writes in frequent to ast my opinion on different topicals. For incense, one fair corresponder wanted to know was it "Bones" McGee, the McGill scrimmage man what invented the dice game of the same vernacular. I couldn't answer this off the hand, but on and quirin' from mister McGee, he told me that he draws all the royals from the patents of the game, but he's gotta split them up with a colored negro porter on the B. A. & S. Ry. (short abbreviation for Buckeye, Alfalfa & Sassafras

Ry.). It appears that mister McGee put up the money to financial the game, but this here colored negro porter really invented the idear of it in the first place.

Next, a bird writes in astin' does I think a political and commercial union with Bolivia would be advantage to both parties. I sure was up a tree when this and quiry come in 'cause you know Pa, I ain't no expert on these homeopathic questions. I spent two days in the publican library readin' up 'bout the climate of this Bolivia place. Final, I wrote back tellin' the corresponder that I thought we should oughta join up commercial and political with Bolivia for a few months anyways, jest to see did things work out good. In course, if I'd of found out that Bolivia was a place where the weather's cold enough for to freeze the ears offen a petrified ape, I'd of come down hard on my corresponder's idear of joinin' up, 'cause already they're callin' us the "Lazy of the Snows" and two wrongs don't make no right—do they Pa?

Last, but not lease, another little bunch of fluff asts me does I think it wrong for her to hold hands with her boy friend under water when in swimmin'. Right away, I seen she was kiddin' me and didn't expect no sensible answer back. So I replies: "In course it's wrong kiddo. Do you think the water

has a purifyin' inflootence!" Maybe little Si's slow,  
eh Pa! I'll tell the whirl he ain't!

Enough for now.

And I sign (legal),  
Your lovin' son,  
Si.

Whiffletree's Solitoode,  
(Not so bad, eh Pa!)

Dear Pa,

Ever since I budded out as a expert sportin' writer, I been busier'n a Niagara Falls hotel durin' the hurrymoon season, keepin' outen the way of the Frat Scouts. And what in tarnation's a Frat Scout you ast perplexed. Lissen—a frat or fraternity as they're sometimes called, is a clubhouse used exclusive by the stoodents what gets the most marks in their exams. Only them birds what gets good marks in their exams is asted to join up. The college authorities allows these frats or fraternities so much per each month for their runnin' expenses, in and addition to keepin' each clubhouse equipped complete with the latest text books, rulers, erasers so forth etc. This is on account the frat men or fratters can refresh their minds arter a hard day's study in the lecture rooms.

I never been in a frat yet, but I've heard tell that it's a right fine sight to see the fratters sittin' round in little groups or bunches, some refreshin' their minds with the latest text books supplied by the college authorities, others readin' the Scriptures assiduous,

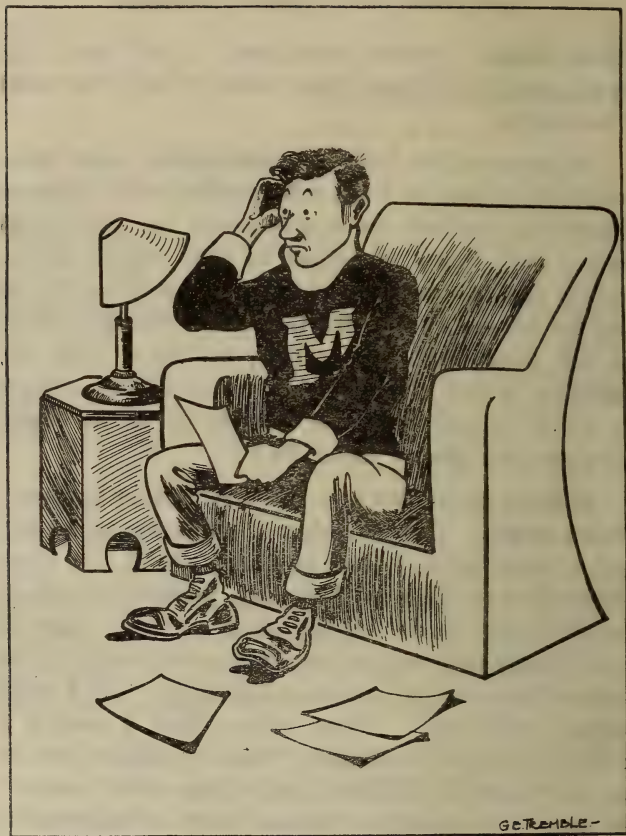
others singin' hymns melodious. I tell you, Pa, these here's the things what makes college life what it is to-day.

On account this high tone atmosphere, only them stoodents is asted to join the frats what really deserves it and this is where the scouts comes in. Each frat pays a half dozen stoodents to trail round on the trail or path of any new freshman what looks like he had the ear-march of a fratter. If he has, he's asted to join immediate. Arter this, he has to pass the initiation which consists usual of explainin' correct so many chapters of the Scriptures in so many minutes—see what I mean Pa?

This brings me back to the first part, or beginnin' of this letter. You see, when I first come up to college a ways back, I used to hang 'round the front doors of the different frat club societies constant, hopin' again hopin' I'd be asted to join. But all I got for my pain was to have some ornery critter stick his noodle outen the door and holler 4th: "Do I smell burnin' celluloid?" Now, every time I meets a fratter, he says deferential: "Order a dozen Arrows on the house, Whiffletree, old college class mater!" As soon 's a man gets famous, they all like you—the "fresh pods of Egypt," eh Pa!

Me bein' chased like this seems to prove the old sayin' "Subsequent events casts their shallows





"Is toothpaste good for rheumatism?"

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before." Even if this ain't true, there's a grange of common sense to it jest the same.

Do you mind me tellin' you 'bout the different folks writin' in to me astin' my opinion in regards to things what was on their minds? Well, yesterday, I gets another bash of mail. The first question was—"Is toothpaste good for rheumatism?" The next corresponder asted—"What is a good patented medicine for takin' axle grease stains outen a table cloth?" and "Is Hardening of the Artilleries contagious to one who's already had Scarlet Fever and the Mumps?"

In course I could of answered these and quiries if I had the time to look up the answers. 'Stead of answerin' them myself, I turned them over categorical to our music and dramatical editor and he said he'd attend to them—pretty decent, eh Pa!

Which same puts me in mind to tell you that as I was strollin' past the Physic buildin' this mornin', I heard the perfessor ast: "Can anybody in this here class tell me what causes the flight of time?" Quick-er'n a winch, I jumped up on the window-sill and says right out loud: "Probable, it's urged on by the spur of the moment, Perfess!" The hull class collective turned 'round and when the cheers and roars of laughin' had died out, the perfessor asted me: "Where did you get that bright sally, Whiffle?" for he also perceived whom I was.

"I seen it in Joe Miller's Joke Book!" I gives him back in answer. "I'll send you a marked copy!" With this party shot, I reeled off—pretty good, eh Pa! When I jumped up on the window-sill to answer the perffessor back funny, I gotta admit my courage almost fooled me, but then, very few stoodents would of had the grist to even open their mouths—would they Pa?

Jest another week and I'll be home havin' a crack at that Xmas turkey bird you was tellin' me 'bout. Advise Ma to start layin' in a stock of pies, so forth etc. I like my boardin' house hash, but oh you flap-jacks and lasses, eh Pa!

Your hungry son,  
Si.

P.S.—Some mean critter went and tipped off the railroad authorities 'bout everythin' bein' raised in price and they followed soup. It's a crime shame Pa, but act judicious when makin' out this week's cheque.

Chambers of Judge Whiffletree.

Dear Pa,

Well Pa, here I am back at the old knowledge factory ready to bustle down to hard work arter the holidays. By crickey, it sure did heat up the cockles of my old artery feeder to see how my fellow comrades over to the Faculty of Laws give me a welcome. I got so dum mixed up bein' wished a Merry New Year and a Happy Easter and the like that final, I took down the names and addresses of each man so's I could wish him the same's he wished me. Sposin' Hilarious Jones wished me a merry New Year, I'd have to reply back: "Same to you Hilarious, old sausage; or sumpin' of the kind. On the other hands, take the case of a bird hoppin' up to me and sayin' facetious: "Complaints of the season, Si!" I should answer back: "Well, well, and they import ivory!" In this way, mister smart Alexander gets the merry ha! ha! and I gets credit for bein' there with the quick reparty.

Say Pa, mebbe little Si ain't mixin' in with the 4 hundreds up here nor nothin'—oh no, not at all! He sure is and this here's the reason. T'other night, I was pluggin' up the laws 'bout keepin' liquor on the

public highway and other knowledge handy to the practical lawyer when the Bell telephone instrument lets out a ring. As I wasn't feelin' any too balmy, I says abrupt: "Hello, and be quick about it!"

"Is that the Council Room of the Imperial Order of Gazelles?" somebody and quires.

"No," I gives him back, "this is the Female Jail and we are about to have our evenin' discussion on the Preferential Tariff!"

With this party shot, I shut off and I hope he choked. I wouldn't be surprised if he put the central girl up to givin' him the wrong number a purpose jest to get my ghost! Anyways, I bustled down to the dusty law tomes again and started readin' a famous principle what had been wrote in my book by some obligin' stoddent. It appears that this principle was laid down by Chief Justice Stubbs, High Constable of the Chancery Division of the Admiralty Exchequer Court, sittin' in Appeal, Crown Side, Lincoln-in-Fields, England, to wit and aforesaid, vizzer: "You can lead a convict up to the well, but you can't make him swaller a drop if he knows there's goin' to be a rum ration served at sundown."

Then the dratted telephone instrument give another buzz and I had to answer it again. "Listenin' " I says in nestled tones, "if you want the Cairo Turkey Baths you're out of Lux!"



Somebody replies back: "Are you theah?"

"In course, I'm here, you ruddy idiot! Where'n time do you think I am—runnin' round the mountain?"

"Don't get ratty, old thing, its Algy heah," he said, soothin'.

"Oh," I asts, precocious, "Algie What-is-it, or Algie Who-is-this?"

"I'm afraid you're jolly well having me on, Whiffletree old deah," he yapped. "It's a college class-mate of yours speaking—Algeron Fyfe-Smith of Tyneside-on-Tyne, Devonshire, you know."

"Glad to have you make my acquaintance, Algy. What's new in the market place?"

"It's this way, old fellow," he goes on. "On divers occasions, I have perused your letters to your governor in the college press, and distinctly without prejudice, mark you, I should say that you were quite conversant with university affairs and all that sort of thing—what, what! In other words, you appear to have your finger on the pulse of the university."

He must think the college has Hayes' Fever or the Mumps or sumpin', eh Pa! Anyways, I jest remarks: "Well, I may not know it all, Algy, but remember, 'There's no Royals Royce to Knowledge,' as the copy-book says."



"Is that the Council Room of the Imperial Order of  
Gazelles?"

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"Rather a unique way of phrasing it," says he, "but really, old fellow, I'd be deucedly bucked if you'd trickle over to my headquarters some sunny day. Are you on?"

"Where do you hang out?" I asked jocular, "on the old clothes line?"

"Oh, I say, that's an awfully clevah one. I really must jot it down," he hollers.

"Don't bother," I tells him, "I'll give you the lend of the funny book I seen it in."

"Ripping, decidedly so," he says. "I'm located at the Ritz-Carleton hostelry just at present, but I'm making a vigorous effort to obtain lodgings at your Strathcona Lounge."

"Well," I concludes by way of endin', "I'm busier'n the ice cream boy in Hades jest now, but I'll trot over sometime—s'long."

Shortly arter this, I met mister Fyfe-Smith in the Union and we had a conversational gabfest. He's a dook or a lordship or sumpin' and so dum rich he's got this here Baron Rockchilds lookin' like the president of the Hoboes' Association. Jest the same, Pa, money don't amount to a hill of beads in life's great struggle if your heart ain't in the fight. You take this Pussycat Johnson, the famous American temperance artist what made the welcome ring in England

a ways back. It appears that mister Johnson went over to Britain's Aisles special to speak against firey liquors and the Anti-Food pirates. Well, Sir, at the first meetin', some gosh darn London medicine stoudent got his dander up and bit mister Pussycat's ear off. Ever since, there's big signs hung up all over Britain's Aisles which same reads: "Pussycat's ear will end all beer, so down with the Anti-Food pirates."

Remind me to one or all.

Yours in financial jeopard,  
Si.

P.S. There's a rumor goin' the rounds that the perfessors was put hep by the railroad authorities 'bout everythin' goin' up and they may take a notion to raise our fees. If you don't want your young hopeful should be caught asleep at the swish, a registered letter has a reasonable chance of reachin' him.

Same old Barn.

Dear Pa,

Well Pa, bein' as how the January exams is over, I can chase you off a few lines, so to say. I guess you must of thought I had writer's crank, but better late and ever, eh Pa! I got 90 marks in Civil Law and 89 in International. If my old beetle track writin' hadn't of been so dum poor, I would of probable got better marks. But there's lots of chances afore the curfew's rung down final.

You might calculate that my mind was sort of free or easy like now that the exams is over temporary. Such ain't the case and this here's the Postum! (pretty good, eh Pa!). Shortly arter I left the dugout, I discovered that I'd clean forgot the old Ingersoll. This would've been a advantage if I'd of fallen into the canal as I wouldn't of sunk straight to the bottom. But arter writin' in the exam room for 'bout an hour or a half, I had a hankerin' to know the time and gosh darn it, there I was without my watch. Little Si sure was up a tree 'cause it's again the rules to talk or sing or shoot dice during a exam. Well Sir, I argued back or forth with myself for half a hour and final I took the bid in my teeth and said I'd do it. I waited till the gent in charge of the exam wasn't



lookin'. Then I whispered to a bird near me for the time and he held up his watch. I took a gawk at it and ducked my head instanter, all of a quiver, for I figured I'd been caught with the goose on me, as they say down to the Police Court. That's the hull story complete Pa, and I sure do feel more easy in my mind now that it's offen the old chest. Still or all, it was kind of a low down trick and I'm sorry I done it. As a matter or fact, I've half a mind to go and make a clean breath of it to the authorities. Mebbe they wouldn't take off more'n 30 or 40 marks seein' as how I turned the King's evidence.

Listen here, Pa, take doo notice that I' n through with my roomie, Buck Benson, once or for all, so help me Brussel's sprouts! If he hadn't of done me some good turns when I first come up here, I'd give him such a dum good bust on the jawr that he'd see starch for a week. This here's the reason. A ways back, I met up with a smooth little bunch of calico from the Royal Victorian College. Seein' as how she didn't appear to hate me, I asted here would she come to the animated movie pictures and she said yes. Mebbe little Si ain't a cut-up with the dangerous sect, eh Pa, oh no! Anyways, to resoom, takin' into the account that I weren't familiar with none of the city theatre play houses, I asted Buck Benson which was the best movie picture palace and he replied back that the Gayety had 'em all lookin' like six plug nickels



"The stage curtain ascended up."

on their way to the mint for repairs! So, 'long 'bout 8 p.m. at night, I called for my friend in one of these here Taxi Cab Meet Hers which is used special for meetin' the girls with—hence the name of them. Probable you seen their ads in the city paper journals—"The cab what put the tax in the taxi meeter"—"Our drivers are all henpecked husbands, so you know what to do to them"—"See Montreal in one of our cabs and die" so on or so forth etc. Anyways, I and the little Co-Eddie as they're called frequent, drove down to the Gayety. Jest to show her I weren't no four fluffer, I bought box seats, the price of same totallin' up to \$2.00, or \$2.50 if you take into the account the water tax. The bird at the door tore the bad part of the tickets off and chucked them into a waste box, handin' me back the meaty section. I enclose same within as you might want to use 'em sometime when you come up to the city.

We was showed to our seats by a hired girl. No sooner had we sat us down when some bird yelps: "Well, strike me a bright vermillion if it ain't old Si Whiffletree and his frau!" I looked around and drat it all, there was a hull bunch of law stoodents sittin' together collective. You can bet a coupla prize heifers I was madder'n a horned toad! Afore I could reply back in answer, another yahoo snickers: "Did you bring the peanuts with you Si?" I was jest goin' to climb over the rail for to give this smart

Alexander the Whiffletree Wallop when the stage curtain ascended up. Right there, Pa, I quit cold and couldn't help but color up several. In fact, I was scared to look at my viz or vee and this here's the reason.

The platform was filled entire with beautiful girls which would of been alright itself but they was dressed so dum scanty even the "Back to Nature" Society would of black balled them. More'n that, their hull ward rope wouldn't of made a outfit for the bare-back rider in a flea circus! By crickey, it weren't right—in fact, it wern't dignified! Seein' how things was, I said—"Let's get outen here—any porch in a storm!"

With this, we hot-footed it up the isle. Lucky for me, the law lads was all lookin' at the girls on the platform when we left. Then, I called a Taxi Cab Meet Her gain and drove my girl friend back to the Royal Victorian College.

Durin' the drive, I couldn't keep from thinkin' what a difference there was betwixt my little friend and the wicked dancin' girls. Jest the same, you gotta remember Wordworth's famous sayin'—"Judith O'Grady and the Colonel's woman is related underneath their skins."

Listen here Pa, if anybody asts you, tell 'em little Si Whiffletree, '21 Laws, thinks that most of these co-

college girls is in the tophole absolute, as mister Fyfe-Smith says. You know as well as what I do that this little flossie had a lief to go and get her dander up. But when I told her that the hull thing was the result of a practiced joke, she said she understood perfect. Not only that, but she mentioned enl pasture, that there was a good show on at the His Majesty's Theatre Play Actin' House next week and that arter the show the dancin' at the Vendetta Gardens couldn't be beat. Pretty nice of her to wise me up like [this, eh Pa! In fact, I was so dum grateful for her not gettin' a mad on that I could of kissed the hen of her garment, as the sayin' is.

Tell Ma and the girls to keep healthy and remind me to the boys up to Hank Day's store next Saturday night.

Your high-browed son,  
Si Aloysius Whiffletree.

P.S. I seen a Jim Dandy Automobile car up to the Auto Show recent. She runs on her own gasoline fuel and is equipped with horn and headlights complete. The agent feller told me confidential that she retails at 4000 stivers includin' the luxurious tax, but owin' to the high cost of existin' he'd leave me have' her F.O.B. factory, which is a consideration. It do beat Banihur how many lads has cars over to the Faculty of Laws.



Strathcona's Hall,  
The McGill University College.

Dear Pa,

Your letter received to hand and I'm keepin' mum's a sick oyster 'bout your comin' up to Montreal on account your not wantin' do be pestered by no reporters. I realizes that if the public got hep that Si Whiffletree's old man was in town, you'd be bothered continual by newspaper men astin' questions 'bout me.

Say Pa, here's a piece of news for you. You mind me shootin' a lot of gab 'bout what a great hockey team the McGill had. Well, I changed my opinion. This here's the reason. The captain, or leader of the hockey players is a lad goin' by the name of "Whirlwind" Simmons and I seen him recent up to the Royal Mountain Arena. Bein' as how I had spoke to him previous, I breezed 'longside of him and says, free or easy: "Hello, mister Simmons."

"Salutations, Ebenezer," he replies back, "how are they comin'?"

"One at a time," I repartyed, "but you got me mixed up with somebody else. I'm Si Whiffletree, the bird what writes the interestin' letters to my old

man in the college daily paper. I had a verbal conversation with you recent—do you mind?"

"Oh yes," he bursts 4th, "are you still workin' down to the New York Shoe Shinin' Emporium?"

I seen right off that he was tryin' to kid me, so I leave this pass. Then I resooms: "I'm calculatin' on joinin' up with your outfit, mister Simmons."

"You overcome me," he registers. "But we already got a coupla mascots, Si. You better keep on knockin' 'em down at Checkers. Rumor has it that you're a regular kangaroo at this sport!"

"Is that so," I came back at him, gettin' my dander up some, "well, I may be good at that too!" He had no comeback to this, so I continues:

"Listen here, mister Simmons, mebbe you think the McGill team's the whole Limburger, but if you won't give me a tryout, I'm goin' to raise a team from the Faculty of Laws what'll make suckers outen your players. Give me a date right now, and we'll play you, Marquis of Queensland rules!"

I seen intootive that he was kind of impressed with this fair or above the board statement, so I remarks, cool or collected: "Well, so long, mister Simmons—think it over."

"I will Si," he answers back in refutation. "Mind yourself gettin' on and off the cars!"

Mebbe your little hopeless can't talk to these here tin gods nor nothin', eh Pa!

Here's some more interestin' news gossip. You most likely mind me describin' these Vendetta Gardens which same is a big Javv Palace. Well, Sir, my friend and college class-mater, Algie Fyfe-Smith took me down there t'other night and we had a elegant time. When we went in the javv band was playin' sumpin' scandalous and by the lord Harold, how that drummer did *shape a wicket stick*. This stressed slang language is probable Greece to you and I'll explain it, case you get mixed in your mind. Spose, jest spose mind, you're eatin' some of Ma's 'tater soup and makin' a all-fired racket while doin' so, and Ma hollers: "Pa!" Then you looks up innocent, and I ceases the opportune to remark facetious "You sure do shape a dangerous spoon Pa!" meanin' that when it comes to eatin' soup, you had the paddle wheel of a river boat lookin' like the Chinese Sphinx! Do I explain myself lucid?

Anyways to revert back in continuation, jest as we sat down, some stoodent bawls out: "Hello Si, did you know that the Arrow people are turnin' out sandpaper collars for rough necks?"

This kind of raised my dander, but Fyfe-Smith said to ignore the beastly bounder, so I jest hollers back sarcastic: "That gag was pulled by Joseph when he blew in with his coat of many collars, and I knows

a fresh little medicine stoo<sup>d</sup>ent what's goin' to get acquainted with the Whiffletree Wallop!" He shut right up!

Then the waiter come 'round in a dress suit, if you please, and Fyfe told him to pour his tea in the center of the cup and the dratted waiter couldn't get on to what he wanted. This kind of annoyed Fyfe but jest then we seen a party sittin' at the next table consistin' of 2 girls and 1 man. There was a large card on the back of one of the girl's chairs marked "Engaged" but she didn't act that way, carryin' on as if she was fancy free or heart whole. This girl soon got up to dance with the 1 man, leavin' at the table 1 girl not engaged. So Fyfe says to me: "Si, perchance that young damsel yonder has no friends and is sufferin' from nostalgia. Pray stagger over and demand the odd whirl, what! what!"

"Oh all right," I says, not bashin' a eyelid, "weak heart never won a nickel." With this, I went over to her and remarked in honeyed tomes: "I reckon you don't know me, <sup>the</sup>Miss."

"No, and I was hopin' not to," she gives me.

"Are you engaged for this dance?" I and quired.

"No, merely annoyed," she explains.

Things seemed to be heatin' up some, so I walked back and says <sup>to</sup> Fyfe-Smith: "Let's wander over to a hash hut <sup>and</sup> shoot a dog."

"I don't quite assimilate your meanin' old dear, but let's—oh yes, do let's!"

I steered him over to this place and he told the white cap to bring him a creme de menthe frappé avec grenadine.

The waiters in this burg must be plain stoopid 'cause this canary asseverates: "Another escape from the Booby Hatch—call the hurry-up waggon, George."

"Really," says Fyfe-Smith to me, "really Whiffle-tree, the service in your local restaurants is lamentable. What is the sanguinary blighter beefin' about. Let's stagger on what!"

Seein' as how my friend had his dander up, I walked as far as the Ritz-Carlton and told him good night there. By crickey, Pa, some of these waiters gets away with too much impudent impertinence! If I had my way, I'd send some on them to the electric scaffold without more or do!

Faithful,  
Si.



Office of Dr. Whiffletree.  
(You'll see what I mean  
Pa, when you get  
through this letter).

Dear Pa

Anybody what says I ain't runnin' the gauntlet of human emotions is barkin' up the wrong elm. I hadn't calculated on writin' you again for a coupla weeks, but arter what I been through, it's a case of breakin' out into a rash of words or gettin' a high fever. Either way you look at it, it seems to be half or a dozen of the other, so here goes.

It all come 'bout through my gettin' acquainted with a medicine stoddent what's got a brother which same's a doctor of medicines down to St. Jude's Asylum. A asylum, if anybody asts you, is a institution built special for crazy people what's mentally deranged in their intellects.

This medicine stoddent had a hankerin' to go on a personal conducted tour of the Court House. Consequent, he come to me as bein' one who's on turns of great intimacy with the practical workin's of said house. I said, in course, I'd be plumb tickled to a early death to show him the well oiled wheels of justice revolv'in' at any particler time he cared to

see 'em revolve. Then he said this was mighty handsome of me but I pooh poored his gratitooode, assurin' him that handsome is or handsome please, as the old proverb goes.

He admitted this, but argued that one good tune deserves another and asted me would I care to see a different kind of wheels revolvin' down to St. Jude's.

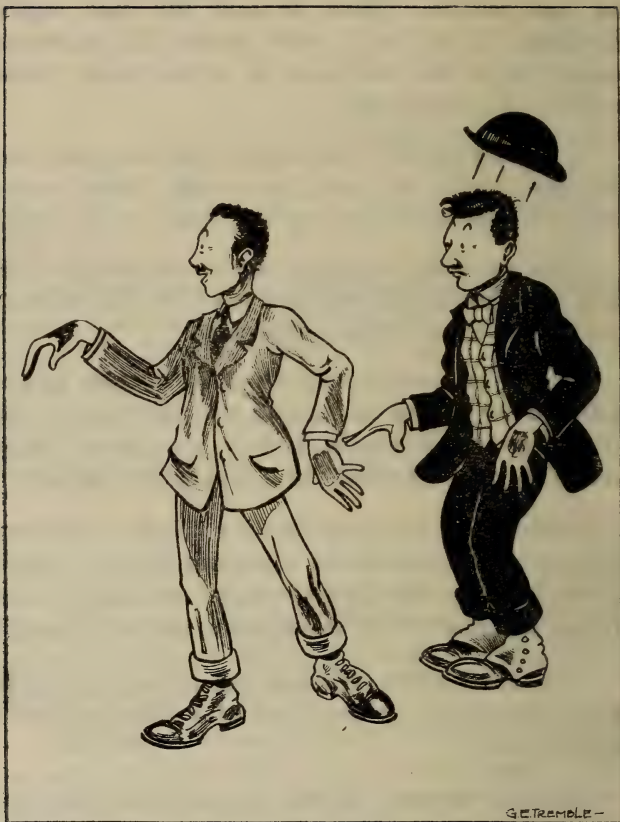
This was sweet 'taters to me, so we fixed it up to drift down to this here nut and bug farm, sun or shine, tourin' the Court House subsequent.

Leavin' out any description of the various factory buildin's we passed on root be advised that we was soon ringin' the bell at St. Jude's. Jest then, I heard somebody say: "Prithee, who and quires without?"

Havin' been wised up that it's allus a good idear to humor the immaters of a asylum, I says, winkin' at the medicine stoovent to show I was only foolin' by way of a joke: "It's Shakespeare, the bar of Avon!"

"Ah, enter sweet William and partake of a little light nourishment in the shape of a glass bun and a bath of milk."

At this, we went in and a sad lookin' bird approached up to us. He looks at me. "Pardon me, Sir, but have you got a buck-saw handy? I'm the Emperor of Germany and I must have exercise!"



"Every morn I bring her violets!"

I turned to my friend and tapped my head significant, meanin' that the bird what asted me for the buck-saw was solid elephant tusk betwixt his collar and his scalp. This was of course, to the one side. To humor the inmater, I asted him: "Too cool for you to adventure out to-day, I spose?"

"Ah," he bursts 4th, "too cool or not too cool? that is the question which you propound, William. The answer is—if you have the electric fan—not only that, but every morn, I bring her violets!"

With this party shot, he skips away. Queer what idears these inmaters gets when their brains is in the repair shop, eh Pa!

Anyways, we started to move 'long the hall and had only gone a ways when we met my friend's brother advancin' up to us.

"Good morning," he says cheerful to his brother, "I see you have the new patient!"

"You do eh," I yells, "well, a few more of them visions of yourn and the medicine profession's goin' to turn out en massacre to follow you to your larst restin' place!"

Land O' Goshen, Pa, I was that het up, I went off by myself in a transom of rage, leavin' the two on them starin' arter me oaken mouthed. I turned a corner and almost run into a bird what was standin' stop still in the middle of the hall.

"Pardon me, friend," he asseverates, "would you mind ringin' a bell—I'm a street car and I want to go forward!"

I giggled polite at this pun but he kept passive in his face. To cover up my laughin', I points to a clock on the wall and asts him in and quiry. "Is that clock right?"

"Kind Sir," he gives me back, "it wouldn't be here if it was right!"

This give me food for thought and I passed on pensive. Afore I knew it, I walked plumb into the office of the medicine doctors of the institootion.

Nary a soul was 'round so I took the livrey of sittin' down, pro quid pro as us law stoovents has the habit of sayin'. Arter restin' up a few minutes, I was goin' to take fresh leave when in rushes a woman all of a flurry.

"Doctor," she wails, "I'm worried awful."

"What appears to be the source of the trouble, Madam?" I asts, strokin' my chin perfessional.

"Well, Doctor," she replies back, "for years and years, I've been endeavourin' to empty the asylum lake with a fork. They keep tellin' me it can't be done, but I know better—perserverance will do it."

"You're right, madam," I returns, "remember the old proverb—'If at first you don't succeed, stick to it.' "

At this, she goes out, cheered up wonderful on account my kind words. By crickey, Pa, you gotta give her credit for stickin' to it.

Shortly arter this, the medicine stoovent comes in and apologizes profuse for his brother mistakin' me for a inmater and I told him that "Always well or ends well."

Affectionate regards to all the prominent folks in Sims' Corners—also the mayor.

Your dootiful son,  
Si.

P.S. Mebbe you should oughta add a few extra pieces of 8 to your next financial sacrifice, case I go down to St. Jude's another time. Sposin' I was took for a medicine doctor again. The inmater to who I'd give the advice might take a notion to pay me and probable I'd have no change! These here's the little things you gotta remember if you're out to succeed perffessional.



## Infant's Feedin' Depot.

Dear Pá,

Back to the old book mill oncet more and still thinkin' 'bout the elegant week's end I had up to home with you and the folks. On arrivin' at the college, I found every particler little thing as it should be—2 new baby battalions drillin' on the campus regler, makin' near a brigade now, complete with perambulator corps and sleigh detachment. By the holy pink-toed prophet Pa, you never seen the beat of the campus yowlers for spunk! Sun or shine, they're out toilin' as busy as beads. And at that, there's yaps 'round the McGill what's had the gall to write in to the McGill Daily Journal Newspaper sayin' they'd quit college if these here offspringers weren't sprung offen the campus instanter and without more or do—don't it beat Bannihur!

You see Pa, outside of the harbor front and the car tracks and the movie picture houses, the poor babies in Montreal has no proper breathin' spaces or places in which to breathe. Consequent, a law was passed givin' them the McGill campus under a lease of 99 years or 3 lives, consecutive. In the view of this, the college perfessors chucked open the gates promiscuous and leave the babies, which same

by this time was gaspin' for breath, or air, swarm on to the campus. There they've been ever since, their cute little lungs and windpipes expandin' and contractin' with the pure air surroundin' our college. The nurses, or nurse-maids as they're sometimes called, was also let in, and it sure is a grand sight to see them and their little chargers breathin' reglar and proper as they was meant to by an all mercy province.

Then a dodo named Slink Tate wrote in to the college paper which I mentioned previous, and spilled the bees. This lad's a law stoodent and I knows him intimate. He's a Boudoir Bolsheviker, allus tryin' to start a ruckus. Anyways, Slink Tate, or Slink as the college lads call him for short, was amblin' down the avenoo from the Faculty of Art. Sudden, a campus baby sneaked up stealthy and bit poor old Slink vicious on the heel, the pain of the bite goin' right through his boot and stockin' into the skin membrane. Gosh darn it, Pa, this was a right mean trick, don't you think so? But in course, you gotta take into the account the extreme youth of the baby what weren't sposed to know the difference betwixt bitin' a man when he's lookin' and when he ain't.

I told Slink he should oughta report the pesky baby what bit him on the heel, to the college authorities or the stoodent councillors. 'Stead of this, he wrote in to the college paper. He might jest as well wrote in to the W.C.T.U. Record for all the good it done him!



"A Campus baby bit "Slink" vicious on the heel."  
Page 61

Shortly arter this, a bird answerin' to the name of Securitas, which I suspicion ain't his real name at all, was walkin' along with the newly appinted Perfessor Slithers of the Faculty of Applied Neuresthenics. He was fillin' the perfess up with poverty stricken gush 'bout how he jest loved his lectures, and would the dear perfessor come down to Strathcona's Hall and have a lemonade with grenadine in it, or mebbe a cubeb cigarette. Jest then, a most blood curlin' yell was give vent to and I'm a Dutchman if a baby weighin' ten pounds if he weighed a inch didn't drop outen a tree onto Securitas, flattenin' him out like a pan-case! The dratted baby apologized profuse, it appears, but Perfessor Slithers told the crowd what gathered that he done it a purpose beyond the least plausibility of doubt.

If you ast me, the whole kith and boodle, nurses, nurse-maids and babies should oughta be spoke to acrimonious. This writin' in continual to the daily journals won't do no good. It only brings them into the line-light jest where they want to be. Still, Liz and let Liz is a motto which some folks curses by, and there may be more in it'n you think.

I clean misremembered to tell you 'bout the ruckus we had jest afore my larst letter. There was some birds wanted to get out a periodical magazine and a general mast meetin' of the stoodents was called to consider the idear. ~~Arter~~ Arter the 14th amendment to the

7th auxiliary motion was tabled, the meetin' broke up hilarious with the singin' of "Oh Lang Syne" and "When Anybody Meets Anybody Comin' Through the Rice."

Next day, without even a "by your lease" a paper called the "Scratch" appeared for sellin' on all newsstands, 10 cents per each copy includin' the privilege of readin' same. The general tome of this periodic seemed anti-seditious to me, so I paid out a dollar and confiscated up 10 copies from a newsstand.

If you see Eb Andrews up to the store next Saturday night, tell him to go light on the dried apricots. Also remind me to Ma and the girls.

Still am,

**Your willin' son,**  
**Si.**

Packin' Up.

Dear Pa

I reckon you'll be kind of glad to hear that I'm roundin' the term into the home stretch in this correspondence handicalf. If I don't stop writin' letters, I'll be left at the post when the exam barrier's sprung. This here's racin' lingo Pa, and most probable you're in the 'taters as to what I'm tryin' to tell you. What I mean is that your little responder's goin' to shunt up shop arter this letter, 'cause in a few days, the hull college is goin' to have a rush of exams to the head!

I don't blame you for gettin' your dander up over me not writin' more frequent lately. As a matter of fact though Pa, I been jumpin' into everythin' up here hearth and soul. A cow's tail in flytime has nothin' on me for bein' kept busy! On account seein' me rushin' 'round pell or mell the way I do, some smart Alexanders over to the Faculty of Laws said I had as much chance of gettin' through my finals as a army mule had of blindin' Man or War with dust. I told them to cash the moat in their own eyes afore worryin' theirselves to a shallow 'bout the bee in little Si's! They shut right up!

A coupla days back, I seen a bird prancin' acrost the campus what looked like a sure enough died in

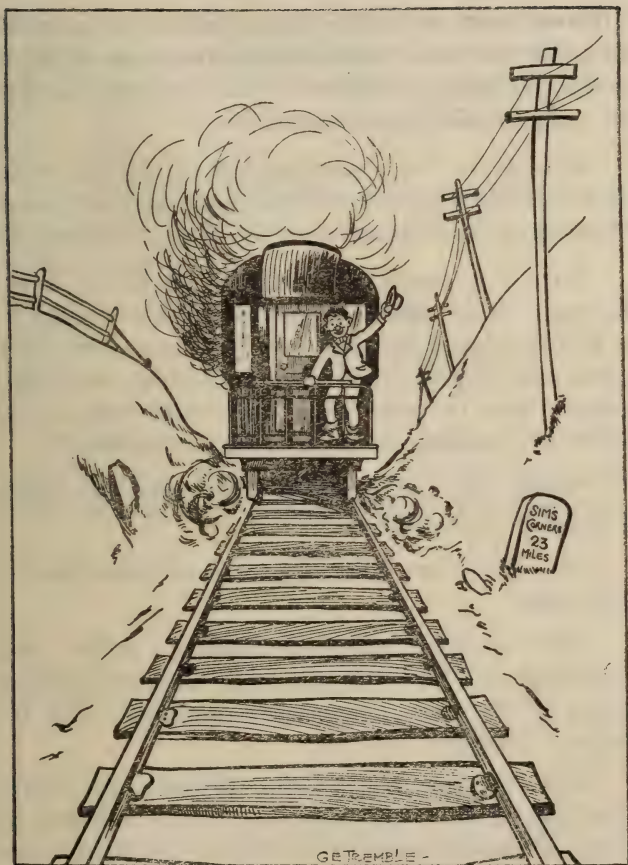


the wood freshman. Technical, I'm still a freshman myself, but a lad what's as well known as the French church like what I am's got a perfect lief to throw his weight 'round occasional—dout you think so Pa? A lot of birds seein' me talkin' nonchalant to the big Campus Leaders thinks I'm a Junior or even a Soap-amore. But what's gas for the goose certainly won't do the gander no harm, will it Pa!

Revertin' back—when I preceived this ignorant freshman, I yells sarcastic: "Yah freshie, take off your old Borsalino to your betters!"

When I got outen the horspital a week later, I heard tell that the canary I hollered at was the newly appinted Perfessor Slithers, and oncet champeen lightweight of Britain's Aisles! In course, I seen he was a little fellow when he turned 'round, else I'd of give him the Whiffletree Wallop afore he handed me the razoo.

Jest arter my run in with Perfessor Slithers, one of the birds on the Union House Committee asted me would I preform at a smokin' entertainment what was bein' give for the benefit of the Home for Tail-less Cats. "Why should I?" I asts him, "you know as well what I do that a lot of them dodos at the smoker will be waitin' to give me the merry ha! ha! on account me not gettin' to Perfessor Slithers with the Whiffletree Wallop. In additional," I tells him,



"Keep watchin' the trains."

"the editor of the college paper told me to go down to-night to cover a verbal lecture by mister B. A. R. Souse, on Booze, in Whiskey Hall, so how can I go to your Smokin' entertainment?"

He seen the fort of this argument and leave me be. Jest the same Pa, my buck and wing would of knocked them outen their seats, and if it didn't, I would of!

Have you heard tell the beat of this? I was hangin' 'round the Law Buildin' recent waitin' for a lecture when a bohunk from the Faculty of Medicines rolls in and sings: "Listen Slothful, send up a coupla tons of your most aristocratic coal to the Medicine buildin' and send it up pronto—see!"

"What do you mean—coupla tons of coal?" I asted in extenuation.

"Ain't this here the college coal and wood shed?" he gargles.

"This is the Faculty of Laws," I yells, "and right soon, it'll be a case of sendin' up a load of crepe 'stead of the coal you ordered previous!" I'll bet he hasn't stopped yet Pa!

Well Pa, here's where I ring off final. Any particler little thing I left outen my letters, I'll give by work of mouth when we're histin' cow fodder and parkin' same in your barn. Yes Siree, I'm an Ernest! Jest 'cause I been burnin' the midnight owl all year at

college, don't run away with the idear that I'm goin' to squat on the fence this summer watchin' the turtles whizz by! It'll be a case of "Early to bed, early to get up, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wide" as the sayin' is.

When I slip by the perfessors successful, I'll send you and Ma a telegraph wire and you can kill the fatted cat for me.

Keep watchin' the trains for,

Your educated son,  
Si.

P.S. Hurry with that final cheque, Pa! The horses is goin' to the post! You'll get shut out! (Don't get excited—this here's more race-horse gab).















